

For an Old Suicide

I've forgotten the make and the model
of the various misspellings of your name.
In a few months I will become older than you ever could.
What were you wearing at the time,
at the point of no return, the second God intervened?
Did your body rebel and attack the moment it realized your plans?
I've read your book but not all your words,
skimming over the important parts you hid so well.
The stain on the hotel floor torn out for safe keeping,
like soft things crashing through a safety-glass window
with a punch of autumn oxygen.
I think that if I ever encounter you on a New English street in May
or in the cemetery where your father lays
or a convent perched lonely on a hill,
I would hold your hand and speak to you once,
not sleep at night and drown,
count and mix my blessings with salt to dry your tongue.

-Robert R. Monroe